

THE  
*SCARBOROUGH*  
MISCELLANY

For the Year 1733.

A COLLECTION of

Original POEMS, TALES, SONGS, EPIGRAMS,  
&c.

CONTAINING

I. Scarborough, a Poem in Imitation of Mr. Gay's Journey to Exeter.	XI. Sapphic Verses to his absent Mistress. By Mr. W.
II. To Selinda confin'd to her Chamber.	XII. Verses to Mr. Pope. By Mr. Price.
III. The Muses Expostulation.	XIII. On the Virtues of the Scarborough-Spaw-Water, and the Humours of Dickey.
IV. On the Ladies bathing in the Sea. By Mr. D.	XIV. Damon and Delia.
V. To Miss R—on the Point of Marriage.	XV. Verses to a Lady reading <i>The Platonic Lovers</i> , in the Bookseller's Shop.
VI. On the mix'd Company at the Ordinaries.	XVI. Damon: Or the unhappy Lover.
VII. Scarborough Reformation, a Song: On seeing several Stars and Garters at the Quaker's Meeting-House.	XVII. On the Races and other Diversions on the Sands.
VIII. A Riddle. By Mr. P—s.	XVIII. Hymn to Hesperus. By Mr. Price.
IX. On the Balls and Assemblies at the Long Room.	XIX. A View of the Ocean from Scarborough-Castle.
X. Scarborough-Spaw, a Song.	

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THE  
MISCELLANEOUS  
COLLECTION  
FOR THE YEAR 1833.

Original Poem I. The Song of Hiernans

CONTAINING

XI.	St. Paul's in London
XII.	St. Paul's in London
XIII.	St. Paul's in London
XIV.	St. Paul's in London
XV.	St. Paul's in London
XVI.	St. Paul's in London
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XVIII.	St. Paul's in London
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XX.	St. Paul's in London



## “蒙古語”

... 1967. T. 1967. B. 1967. T. 1967. B. 1967.

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TO THE  
PUBLISHER.

SIR,



*N* the GENTLEMAN's Magazine for March last was printed A Poetical Description of Scarborough, the Author of which Piece having since read a Pamphlet lately Publish'd, Intituled, A Journey from LONDON to Scarborough, &c. was induc'd from some humorous Hints and Observations therein, to enlarge the following Poem with near two hundred Lines.

If you think proper to give it a Place in The Scarborough Miscellany, it is at your Service; and I apprehend, it may be an agreeable Addition to that Collection.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

S. John's Gate,  
April 25, 1734.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE



# SCARBOROUGH,

A

# P O E M.



Esolving, Scarb'rough, thy fair Hills  
to see,  
Yet fearful to intrust the faithless Sea,  
We mount our Steeds, and in the  
Prime of Day

Thro' Bishopgate to Kingsland shape our Way:  
Kingsland! where luckless Nymphs their Sins be-  
wail

In nauseous Potions and in qualmish Ale:

B

Next

5

Next Newington, for downey Peaches known,  
 We pass, and hasten on to Tott'nham Town,  
 Here beauteous Landscapes greet our ranging Eyes,  
*Hamstead* and *Highgate's* pleasing Prospects rise: 10  
 Now *Essex!* we admire thy hilly Scenes  
 And wide-spread Forest, clad with shady Greens:  
 Now (purling o'er the Road to verdant Meads)  
*Enfield's* cool Wash regales our panting Steeds:  
 Nor, *Waltham*, shall thy Cross remain untold, 15  
 Which the great *Edward* built in Days of old,  
 When, *Eleanour*, thy Corps in Progress came,  
 Such Fabricks rose to consecrate thy Fame:  
 The neighb'ring Town and Abbey hence we see,  
 Wash'd with the gentle Waves of fruitful *Lea*; 20

*Verse 15. Nor, Waltham, shall thy Cro[s] Queen Eleanour, Wife to Edward the first, dyed Nov. 28. 1291, at Hardeby in Lincolnshire; At the Places, where her Corps rested, were erected to her Memory goodly Croffes, namely at Lincoln, Grantham, Stanford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony-Stratford, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham and Charing.* Rapin's *History of England Vol. i. Folio Edition, P. 365,*

*Note 1.*

19. *The Neighb'ring Town and Abbey]* Towards the End of the Saxon Monarchy, one *Tovie*, the King's Standard Bearer, because of the Abundance of wild Beasts in the neighb'ring Forest, founded *Waltham*, (the Name importing a wild or woody Habitation) and plac'd therein sixty six Inhabitants; *Tovie* dying, and his Son having squandered his Patrimony, *Edward the Confessor* gave this Town to *Harold*, who afterwards by a strange Turn of Fortune, attaining the Crown, built this Abbey, in Honour of a holy Cross, found far Westward, and brought hither it seems by Miracle. After the Battle of *Hastings*, where

2.11

This

This *Harold* built, and here his Bones repose,

By whose unhappy Fall the Conqu'ror rose;

\* *Lea* thro' the bord'ring Meadows winds her Stream,

The tuneful *Angler's* Haunt and fav'rite Theme.

Thro' *Theobald's* passing we the Bounds remark 25

Of a once Royal Court and Stately Park,

But now from its primæval Pride decay'd,

Villas of Wealthy Cits posses the Shade:

Thro' *Hodsdon* stretching, soon to *Ware* we came,

By its capacious Bed advanc'd to Fame,

30

But more for *Middleton's* vast Labour known,

Whose Fountain graces most this neighb'ring Town,

Which wand'ring Serpentine with gentle Maze

To fair *Augusta* its soft Wave conveys,

*Harold* was slain fighting against *William* the Conqueror; his Body was buried by his Mother in this Abbey. *Camden's Britannia. Rapin.*

\* *Lea* is much frequented by Anglers, a Friend of mine (a Lover of this calm and contemplative Recreation) publish'd some Years since, some Piscatory Eclogues, which I dare promise will prove no disagreeable Amusement to all, who delight in Poetry, or Angling.

25. *Thro' Theobald's passing we the Bounds remark*] *Theobald's*. A Place, says *Camden*, than which, as to the Fabrick, nothing can be more neat; and as to the Gardens, Walks and Wildernesses about it, nothing more pleasant: Yet Sir *Robert Cecil*, to whom his Father left it, much improv'd it. King *James* the first was so delighted with it, that he exchang'd for it the Manour of *Hatfield-Regis*, he enlarg'd the Park, and enclos'd it with a Brick-Wall ten Miles in Compas. In 1651 in the Rebellion, it was plunder'd and defac'd, and is now of a Prince's Habitation become a little Village.

Less worthy of the Bards immortal Strain 35

+ Than Aquæducts of Italy or Spain.

And now thro' pleasing Villages we tend,

Till we the Height of Barkwgy Hills ascend,

From whence the Cantabrigian Spires are seen

In pleasing Prospect o'er the level Green: 40

Delightful Cam! by thy inspiring Stream

Let me recline, and Love be all my Theme;

'Twas here his am'rous Lyre sweet Cowley strung,

The God of Love inspir'd his moving Song,

Not more secure his own resistless Dart 45

Than Cowley's Strains, to pierce the tender Heart;

This Seat of Science well might tempt our Stay,

But our first Scheme requires to haste away;

Eager to Huntingdon we stretch, a Town,

For martial Scenes in antient Annals known: 50

Here Bulwarks rise, by elder Edward grac'd,

With Tow'rs, which the great second Harry raz'd,

When dang'rous Rebels here a Refuge found,

And spread their cruel Devastations round,

+ Journey to Scarb'rough, P. 5.

49. Eager to Huntingdon] Huntingdon, i. e. the Hill or Down of  
Hunters. Nigh the Bridge is a Mount, and Plot of a Castle, still  
to be seen, built by Edward the Elder, Anno 921. Rapin's History  
Vol. 1. Fol. Edit. P. 99. Note 4. King Henry the Hd. demolish'd

Hence

Hence *Cromwell* took his Birth, a martial Name, 55  
 By stern *Bellona* rais'd to lasting Fame ;  
 From Hills on either Side the Town appear  
 The distant Waves, which form a spacious Mere,  
 Large as a Sea he spreads his Circuit wide,  
 And plenteous Shoals within his Waters glide ; 60  
 Next o'er a boundless Heath our Journey lies,  
 Till, *Burleigh-House* ! thy spirey Turrets rise ;  
 These *Cecil* rais'd, a Name of much Renown,  
 When great *Eliza* wore the *British Crown*,  
 And still his great Descendants love to grace 65  
 With ev'ry curious Work the blissful Place ;

it 1176, because it became a Refuge for Rebels, and to end the Contentions between the Parties, which laid Claim to it. Rap. P. 239. Camden. *Journey to Scarbrough* P. 9.

58. *The distant Waves, which form a spacious Mere.*] *Wittlesley Mere*, five or six Miles distant from *Huntingdon*, it is six Miles long and three broad. *Journey to Scarbrough*. P. 11.

62. *Till Burleigh-House, &c.*] The Shell of *Burleigh-House* is a most stately, lofty Pile ; it is built all of Free-stone, and the Chimnies, which are very numerous, are all huge *Doric* Pillars. The fine Chapel-Spire, and other Towers and Pinacles about the House, give it the Air of a Cathedral. Queen *Elizabeth*, when she first saw it, told the Lord *Burleigh*, that her Purse and his Head could do any Thing. Her Visits here were frequent, and a Seat in the Chapel still bears her Name. See *Peck's Desiderata Curiosa*, which is a fine Collection of many scarce and curious Pieces ; (and chiefly relating to Matters of English History) wherein *Burleigh-House*, Park and Gardens, with the Paintings, Statues and other noble Curiosities are largely describ'd.

66. *With ev'ry curious Work, &c.*] Since the Lord *Burleigh's* Time, the whole House has been so adorn'd with Busts, Statues, Paintings, Carvings, and other Curiosities within ; and with neat Iron-Work,

Is there a Traveller can keep the Road,  
 Nor turn aside, to view the sweet Abode?  
 The Parks, the Gardens, and thick-shading Trees,  
 All round, the Eye a fine *Elysium* sees, 70  
 With Fountains water'd, and with Statues fill'd,  
 Which scarce to the *Italian* Wonders yield:  
 Who can behold *Andromeda's Despair*,  
 Naked her Limbs, and loose her flowing Hair, 75  
 Chain'd to the Rock, to present Death expos'd,  
 The grinning Monster with his Fangs disclos'd,  
 With *Perseus' aiding* in a happy Hour,  
 And not admire the Artist's wondrous Power: 80  
 Within, the Pencil's Magic Works delight,  
 The Walls and Cielings charm the ravish'd Sight;  
 Here *Verrio's Art* the Poet's Hell describes,  
 And Pains inflicted on the guilty Tribes; 85  
 The rolling Stone, which *Syriphus* defeats,  
 Who still with Labour vain his Task repeats.

beautiful Gardens, and regular Plantations without, by the present Lord's ever-famous Grand-father; (who was a Peer of an excellent Taste, and went twice to *Rome*, and in his Travels bought up an inestimable Treasure of Medals, Books, Pictures, Gems, and other Rarities of all Sorts) that *Burleigh* may now be justly accounted one of the finest House in *England*. Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*.

73. *Who can behold Andromeda's Despair?* See this Statue describ'd in *Desiderata Curiosa*; Lib. 6. P. 45.

81. *Here Verrio's Art the Poets Hell describes?* Upon the Cieling

*Ixion*

Ixion hurrying round the circling Wheel,      85  
 The Vulture feasting on th' eternal Meal.  
 And all the Stories, antient Bards devise,  
 Seem living Truths to our admiring Eyes:  
 There, Tales of merrier Import raise a Smile,  
 Venus with Mars entrap'd by Vulcan's Wile,      90  
 The limping Cuckold squints with jealous Leer,  
 And the grim footy Cyclops peeping sneer.  
 Here Jove descends in Guineas thro' the Tower,  
 And Danaë lifts her Smock, to catch the Shower.  
 The Scenes are endless, which the Painter's Art,  
 Or Sculptor's Skill bestows on ev'ry Part.      96  
 If Nature's curious Works delight thee more,  
 Fossils and Shells are spread, a num'rous Store:

of the great Stair-Case is the Poetical Hell of the Ancients, adorn'd with all the Fables of Ovid and the other Poets, by Verrio's Pencil.

*Ibid. P. 43.*

90. Venus with Mars intrap'd by Vulcan's Wile] In one of the Rooms is Venus caught in her Husband's Iron-Net, with her gallant Mars in Bed with her, and Vulcan and the Cyclops peeping at them.  
*Ibid. P. 43.*

93. Here Jove descends, &c.] In one Room is a little Picture of Danaë merrily enough express'd; Jupiter descends in a Shower of Guineas, and Danaë holds up her Smock to catch them.

98. Fossils and Shells are spread, &c.] My Lady Exeter hath two rich Closets, filled with large Pieces of Coral, Amber, beautiful and uncommon Spars, Stones, Shells, Metals, Pearls and Diamonds, &c.  
*Ibid. P. 47.*

Whate'er

Whate'er on Nature's Face can lure the Eye,  
 Or rip'ning in the Depth of Oceans lye;      100  
 So many Wonders to one Spot confign'd,  
 Th'Attention gain'd of mighty *Nassau's Mind*:  
 All Day the vast Variety he view'd,  
 And th' next Morn the pleasing Task renew'd,  
 Such Scenes, such Sights; thy Confines, *Burleigh*,  
 give.      105

But — we must now the Princely Palace leave,  
 Breathing this Wish, that *Cecil's noble Race*,  
 Thro' num'rous Ages may adorn the Place.

To *Stamford* come, we gaze with Pleasure round,  
 A little *London* seems in *Stamford* found,      110  
 The Buildings elegant, the People gay,  
 Who here politely wear the Hours away :  
 + The antique Fosse-way now might grace my Lays,  
 By *Roman* Soldiers rais'd in antient Days.  
 Happy were modern Armies thus employ'd,      115  
 And fewer Nymphs by martial Wiles decoy'd.

102. *Tb' Attention gain'd of mighty Nassau's Mind,*] The Fame of this Seat drew King *William* the IIId. to see it, *Anno 1695*. When he had view'd ev'ry Thing, that was to be seen there, he departed greatly satisfy'd, and lodg'd that Night at *Stanford*, next Day he rode thither again, and reviewed all once more, not less delighted than at first. *Ibid. P. 47. 48.*

+ *Journey to Scarb'tough P. 15.*

Now

Now, *Gransham*, we thy lofty Spire survey,  
And thro' *Tyrconnel's* Park we take our Way,  
Where pleasing Vistas the fair Seat disclose,  
And lofty Trees appear in beauteous Rows : 120  
O'er *Lincoln* Heath our Journey we pursue,  
Where only the Horizon bounds our View ;  
For twenty Miles across th'extended Plain  
We see her Tow'rs, e'er we the City gain,  
Which seated on a rising Hill appears, 125  
(Far more magnificent in antient Years.)  
Another Stage, the *Humber's* Stream we gain,  
Where *Hull* receives the Tribute of the Main :  
A Town of ancient Strength, when Foreign  
Arms, 130  
Or civil Broils have spread their dire Alarms ;  
But now more studious of the Sweets of Peace,  
Her Walls decay, her trading Arts increase :  
Next *Beverley*, a beauteous Town we gain,  
Nor shall her sacred Piles unsung remain ;  
Two venerable Gothic Churches rise, 135  
Which claim th'Attention of judicious Eyes,  
Within the curious Monuments proclaim  
The *Piercy's*, *Wharton's*, *Hotham's* honoured Name ;

C

But

But thence with pleasing Speed we stretch along,  
Till the fair Town appears, that prompts my  
Song, *uo nigt swind'le bawdy Comi* 140  
Her strong Foundation seated in the Main,  
Whose Billows dash th'opposing Rocks in vain:  
Thy Scenes, O Scarb'rough! tempt the vagrant  
Muse *uo abuod nosinoff Heri who erid* 145  
To roam thy Shades, and sip thy healing Dews,  
To climb at early Dawn thy craggy Steep, *uo* 145  
And view bright *Sol* emerging from the Deep,  
When o'er the boundless Waste his radiant Beams  
The Summits gild, and tremble o'er the Streams.  
Here Nymphs, who ne'er beheld his Rise before,  
Dart equal Lustre from th'opposing Shore, *uo* 150  
To Neptune's Bosom their soft Charms resign,  
(What Beauties thro' the ambient Billows shine!)  
Not all his *Nereids* can such Forms disclose,  
Nor Beauty's Queen, who from the Ocean rose;  
When *Cælia* plunges in the crystal Wave, *uo* 155  
Bear me, ye Winds, to some sequestred Cave,  
From my Close Covert to survey her Charms,  
(Immerg'd in cooling Floods her Beauty warms)  
Ye *Nereids*, safe restore the lovely Maid,  
Ye Nymphs, convey her to my secret Shade, *uo* 160  
*Where*

Where on her snowy Bosom I may swear  
Eternal Love to the coy, cruel Fair.

How sweet the Prospect of the various Scene !  
Here tow'ring Hills ! there Vallies intervene ! 164  
Here craggy Cliffs, whose Summits pierce the Skies!  
From whose rough Sides a thousand Verdures rise,  
Amid such Wilds as fab'ling Bards report,  
The fairey-Elves at Depth of midnight sport,  
In such sequestred Haunts the Muses deign  
The Bard to visit, and inspire his Strain, 170  
O join, cœlestial Maids, my studious Hour  
In the still Grotto, or the Twilight Bow'r ;  
My Temples hallow with *Pierian Dews*,  
Sublimer Thoughts and nobler Themes infuse.

To gaze around from the stupendous Height,  
What various Views the ravish'd Eye invite ! 176  
The wide Expanse of *Neptune's* watry Reign,  
The Vessels floating o'er the liquid Plain,  
Those making to the Port at first appear  
Small as the Shoots, that shew the springing Year,  
But swelling by Degrees inlarge their Size, 181  
Till all their blooming Glories charm our Eyes,

Those outward-bound in all their gaudy Pride,  
And youthful Vigour o'er the Billows ride,  
But wafted on by Winds their Forms decay, 185  
And less'ning to a Point they shrink away,  
Thus airy Clouds, (which flying near we view  
With ample Curtains veil the Æthereal blue)  
Fade by Degrees, till they no more are seen,  
\* " And all the fair Horizon is serene : 190  
Such Views delight, but let my Feet refrain  
The Verge, whose steep Descent o'erlooks the Main,  
Lest dizzy down I fall, my luckless Limbs  
Dash'd on the Cliffs, and scatter'd o'er the Streams :  
But o'er the Landscapes which around are spread,  
With Licence let me gaze, nor Danger dread : 196  
Thy Telescope, O Galilæo! use,  
Which brings to nearer Sight the distant Views,  
And the blue Hills, (which the unaided Eye  
Can scarce distinguish from Æthereal Sky) 200  
Paints with tall Trees, with large Inclosures bound,  
With Seats adorn'd, and spirey Temples crown'd.

Here cou'd I choose in the still solemn Night,  
When Cynthia spreads abroad her silver Light,

\* This Line is borrowed from Mr. Rowe's *Tamerlane*.

The

The beauteous Planet with my Tube to trace, 205  
And note the Spots which mark her various Face:  
Or pointing to the brilliant *Cyprian Star*,  
(Attentant *Phœbus* on thy radiant Car)  
See her full Disk resplendent Beams adorn,  
And now like *Phœbe* shine with waining Horn:  
Or if, above th'Horizon mounted high, 211  
The Orb of *Jupiter* illumines the Sky,  
His circling Moons to track with pleas'd Survey,  
Till fainting in Eclipse their Beams decay,  
Then watch the Moment of th'emerging Ray,

A thousand Beauties, *Scarb'rough*, haunt thy  
Groves, 216

As many sighing Swains protest their Loves,  
The vocal Rocks repeat the am'rous Tale,  
And mutual Vows are breath'd in ev'ry Dale.  
No Spleen, no Vapours sully these Retreats, 220  
Those are the Guests of Courts and sumptuous  
Seats,

No gloomy Cares these rural Bounds infest,  
Unless soft Love assail th'unwary Breast:  
And if soft Love th'unwary Breast assail,  
The Nymph may melt to hear the soothing Tale,  
Perhaps

Perhaps may pity —— in the Rural Cell 226  
 Pity, and all the gentler Passions dwell.

The Throng, my Muse, from Morn to Ev'ning  
 view,

Thro' ev'ry Scene the shining Train pursue:  
 First at the Well they take the brackish Glaſs, 230  
 And oft repeat, (for quick the Water's paſs,)  
 This purifies the Blood from vicious Taints,  
 And the wan Cheek with blooming Beauty  
 paints,

Restores lost Appetite, and cures the Ills  
 Of midnight Riots and luxurious Meals. 235  
 When languid Nature's genial Pow'rs decay,  
 These Springs new Vigour to the Nerves convey.  
 This Truth St. Quintin knew, ſev'n Years ally'd  
 By Hymen's Ties to a young beauteous Bride,  
 Their anxious Breasts no Hope of Iſſue cheers, 240  
 The Husband droops, the Wife diſſolves in Tears,

225. *This Truth St. Quintin knew, &c.]* Mr. Thomas St. Quintin of Flamborough, Yorkshire, and his Wife, were ſeven Years and a half married, during which time ſhe had never conceived; upon Report of the Efficacy and Virtue of the Water, he brought her to Scarbrough, where ſhe drank fourteen Days; within a Month after ſhe conceiv'd, which prov'd a Son: Then having an Interruption for four Years, he brought her to the Waters again; after a Fortnight or three Weeks, that ſhe had left the Waters, ſhe conceiv'd again: This prov'd a Daughter. Dr. Witty's Description of Scarbrough-Spaw, p. 191.

At

At Length advis'd to Scarb'rough Spring they flew,  
And e'er ten Moons their waining Orbs renew,  
The Pleasing Birth of an auspicious Boy,  
Dispels their Fears, and seals their mutual Joy.  
But now again for four successive Years, 246  
The Matron's Womb no second Burthen bears,  
Again they droop, again the Spring repeat,  
And with a Female Birth their Joys compleat.  
*Ye barren Fair from ev'ry Climate come,* 250  
*Drink but these Waters and go Mothers Home.*

Now chill'd by cooling Draughts, the Stomach  
craves

The Aids of Tea, and Coffee's warmer Waves:

The Boards are set with China Dishes crown'd,

They sip, and fragrant Steams are wafted round.

\* Now Rumour enters, anxious still to join 256

Assemblies, where the Beaus and Ladies shine,

Her hundred Ears are ever open found,

To catch the Echo of each whisp'ring Sound;

Her hundred Tongues all move, yet scarce avail

To propagate the never-ceasing Tale: 261

\* Virg. *Aeneid.* Lib. IV. Ver. 174, &c.

Now

Now Reputations dye, and Slips are told  
 Of absent Friends, (with Friends we still are bold)  
 Some Prude demure, who hideous Man disdains,  
 Has lately felt perhaps *Lucina's Pains*;      265  
 Or a fond Wife, to raise her Spouse an Heir,  
 Tries Scarb'rough Waters and prolifick Air,  
 And pregnant proves without the Husband's  
 Care.

The Muse should now the Toilet's Work re-  
 hearse,

And Silks and Diamonds glitter in the Verse, 270  
 Less gay the Goddesses old *Homer* sings,  
 Or the bright Maids bestow'd on conqu'ring Kings:  
 Nature and Art to arm the Fair combine,  
 Will Man alas ! th' unequal Combat join?  
 Shall the Toupee, or powder'd Coat prevail? 275  
 Or huge *Herculean Clubs* the Foe assail?  
 Ah no! — the Force of soft Persuasion try,  
 With Sighs and Vows the adverse Legions ply,  
 If these are vain, 'tis Vict'ry then to fly.  
 The various Dishes shall the Muse record, 280  
 When Dinner smoaks upon the plenteous Board:  
 How Earth and Seas and Air their Treasures yield  
 The artful Piles of Luxury to build.

Muse,

Muse wave the Task, few Bards so far prevail,  
Such Sights to view, or take the long Detail. 285

While the Meridian Beams too fiercely beat  
Each seeks the Shelter of some calm Retreat:  
Some on the Turf their careless Limbs display,  
And waste in pleasing Dreams the fervid Day;  
Each in his Choice his fav'rite Passion shews, 290  
The Swain his Mistress, and the Bard his Muse.  
Let me retire with the sweet *Mantuan Swain*,  
*Or Horace*, Master of the *Lyric Strain*,  
But if my *Cælia's* Presence bless the Shade,  
Soft *Ovid's* Lines shall sooth the list'ning Maid. 295

Now Day declines, and cooling Breezes spring,  
The sweet Musician wakes th'harmonious String,  
While Hand in Hand the Social Pairs advance,  
And artful Measures form the various Dance:  
Those more refin'd to courtly Manners bred, 300  
With graceful Ease the measur'd Mazes tread:  
The rural Nymphs bound to the sprightly Strains,  
Like the fleet Hart, that skips across the Plains:  
Weary'd at Length the Supper Meal appears,  
And sharpen'd Appetite the Feast endears: 305  
Early the Pow'rs of Sleep their Eyelids close,  
And whisp'ring Winds prolong the soft Repose:

How sweet the Sleep, how pleasing are the Dreams,  
When temp'rate Exercise prepares the Limbs!

This dissipates the Gloom, which (sprung from  
Spleen,) 310

With Phantoms people the nocturnal Scene,  
And ev'ry melancholy Care dispells,  
That in the pensive Mind corroding dwells.

Such are the pleasing Scenes which Scarb'rough  
yields,

Rough Rocks, smooth Sands, green Shades, and  
fertile Fields; 315

The rolling Ocean with its boundless View;  
Her salutary Springs, which Health renew;  
And the gay Throngs, that grace these calm Re-  
treats

Fann'd with cool Airs amid solsticial Heats:

\* Old Baiae thus, in Classic Song renown'd, 320  
Grac'd the fair Margin of the Ocean's Bound,  
Midst Rocks and Groves and Springs her Turrets  
rear'd;

And half Rome's Nobles in her Shades appear'd.

\* A City in Italy whither the Roman Citizens resorted on Account  
of its Medicinal Springs.

To the Ever-Charming SELINDA,  
confin'd to her Chamber, by a violent  
HEAD-ACH and COLD.



E Powers, unseen, that People ambient Air!

Guides of the Great! And Guardians  
of the Fair!

Smile, in soft Radiance, round Selinda's Bed:  
Breathe your Ætherial Balms, to ease her Head:  
From her press'd Pillow, chace approaching Pain:  
And watch new Sun-shine, in her Eyes again.

See! — Since her Absence, what a Frost is  
spread!  
The chearful Glow of Day is chill'd, and dead.  
The Trees stand motionless, all whiten'd o'er:  
And their poor shiv'ring Songsters charm no more!  
The sullen Elements, through each cold Part,  
Gloom, like a fond, despairing Lover's Heart.

I, too, whom Health has seldom fail'd to bless,  
Lose my own Happiness, in her Distress!  
Faithful, to hers, my trembling Blood, moves  
flow:

And waits her quick'ning Voice, for Leave to flow.  
One conscious Damp does gen'ral Joy controul;  
As tho' each Publick Place had lost its Soul!  
The Sands unpleasant; for, my Eyes, un-bless'd,  
Ake, at each Pebble, her dear Feet have press'd,  
Musick is mournful! For, each dying Air  
But whispers — my *Selinda* shines not there!  
Even the loud Hunter's Horn alarms in vain:  
Her Sighs still pierce me, through its loudest  
Strain.

Wou'd I, from Sense of what she suffers, fly,  
There is but one Way left, and that's to die!

Trace, then, some Angel! her mæandring Veins:  
From those blue Heav'ns, expel the floating Pains,  
Tell her, 'tis Winter in our Hearts—and, say,  
The World wears Darkness, till she brings back  
Day.

The

The MUSE's Expostulation with a  
LADY, who denied herself the Free-  
doms of FRIENDSHIP: From too de-  
licate an Apprehension of the WORLD's  
mistaken Censure.



Born, to pity Woes: Yet, form'd, to give!  
Shut from whose Presence, 'twere a Pain  
to live!

Who make all Converse tedious, but your own:  
And, that with-held, leave the Forsaken none!  
Urg'd by what Motives, wou'd you wish to shun  
The Sight and Voice, of Him, whose Soul you  
won?

On what false Fear does this cold Flight depend?  
What fancied Foe does Prudence apprehend?

When Bodies only, are to Bodies, dear,  
The Danger, there, consists in being near:  
And, when the Fair the soft Contagion spy,  
Discretion calls 'em — and, 'tis wise to fly.

But

But, where associate Spirits catch the Flame,  
Flight is a cruel, and a fruitless, Aim.

Souls have no Sexes, and, if Minds agree,  
Parting is dying, to set Fancy free.

- Let not mistaken Virtue wrong the Breast,  
That opens kindly, to so sweet a Guest!

Not Saints in Heaven, a purer Warmth express,  
Than Reason feels, when touch'd by Tenderness.  
Relenting Wisdom dignifies Desire ;  
And rais'd Ideas fan the bright'ning Fire :  
Till the pure Flame, ascending to the Sky,  
Spreads its low Smoak, to Envy's darken'd Eye.

Whence grew Society so wish'd an Art,  
If the Mind's Elegance betrays the Heart ?  
Were it a Crime in flashing Souls, to rise,  
And strike each other, through the meeting Eyes ;  
Those op'ning Windows had not let in Light,  
Nor stream'd Ideas out, to voice the Sight !

Why are you form'd, so powerful in your Charms,  
If Beauty ought to fly the Wish it warms ?  
Or, why did Heav'n inspire that tuneful Tongue  
With Notes, more sweet than ever Seraph sung,  
If,

If, justly, all that Harmony you hide ;  
Your Musick useless, and its Power untry'd?  
Have Wit, and Eloquence, in vain, conspir'd,  
And giv'n you Brightness, but, to shine, Retir'd?  
Must you be Loveliest, yet, be never shown?  
Than all, be Wiser, yet, be heard, by none?  
Oh! 'tis too delicate! 'tis, falsely, nice;  
To bar the Heart, against the Mind's Advice.

But, you will say, that Honour's Call you hear,  
That Fame is tender, Reputation dear :  
That from the World's malignant Blast you fly ;  
Fear the Fool's Tongue, and the Discerner's Eye :  
The Spleen of disappointed Wishes dread :  
Or Envy's Whisper, by Detraction spread.  
Alas! What Bounds can limit your Retreat ?  
Where will sought Safety rest your flying Feet ?  
Is there a Corner in the Globe, so new,  
That Malice will not find, as sure, as you ?  
The very Flight, that shuns, attracts, the Throng !  
And, every Censure fear'd, you force along.  
" There's Cause, no doubt, for her Retreat, they'll  
say ;  
" A fearless Innocence had dar'd to stay !

Scandal

Scandal has, either Way, an Edge to strike:  
And wounds true Virtue every where alike.  
Superior Excellence is doom'd to bear  
The Stings of sland'rous Hate, and rash Despair:  
'Tis the due Tax, your rated Merit pays;  
And every judging Ear will call it Praise.

Think, — and be kind, — convert this fruitless  
Pain,

To a fix'd Firmness, and a calm Disdain.  
Since cautious Absence can no more be free  
From false Reproach, than present Smiles will be,  
Diffuse those Gifts, which Heav'n design'd, shou'd  
bless:

Nor let their Greatness make their Pity less.  
Indulging Freedom, every Fear disarm :  
And, with a conscious Scorn of Slander, charm.  
Bold, in your guarded Strength, your Heart unbind ;  
And, to be safe, suppose yourself *All Mind*.

Yet, needless that, since such Respect you draw,  
That, even your Tenderness is arm'd with Awe !  
Permitted Love wou'd, silently, admire:  
And a soft Rev'rence tremble, through Desire.

Strike

The warmest Wishes, when inspir'd by you,  
Strike, but as Heav'nly Inspirations do.

The op'ning Heart makes Room for Joys refin'd;  
And every gross Idea shrinks behind.

You need not, then, the gentle Sound reject,  
Shou'd Love's fear'd Name be giv'n to soft Re-  
spect.

When, ill-distinguish'd Meanings are the same,  
How poor the Diff'rence, which they draw from  
Name!

There are, in Love, th' Extremes of touch'd De-  
fire:

The noblest Brightness,— or the coarsest Fire!  
In vulgar Bosoms, vulgar Wishes move;

Nature guides Choice:— And, as Men think, they  
love.

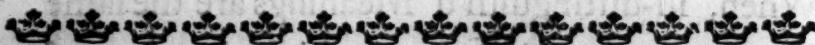
But, when a Power like yours impels the Wound,  
Like the clear Cause, the bright Effect is found.

In the loose Passion, Men profane the Name;  
Mistake the Purpose: And pollute the Flame.

In nobler Bosoms, Friendship's Form it takes:  
And Sex alone the lovely Diff'rence makes.

Love's gen'rous Warmth does Reason's Power  
display:  
And fills Desire, as Light embodies Day!

Love is, to Life, what Colour is, to Form ;  
Plain Drawings, oft, are just : But never warm :  
Love, in a Blaze of Tints, his Light'ning throws ;  
Then, the Form quickens ; and the Figure glows.



*On a Sight of the LADIES bathing  
in the S E A.*



I.  
F T' have I blam'd the Clasic Song,  
Whose reverend Cheat the Muse ex-  
plodes,  
The blue-ey'd Nereids fancy'd Throng,  
And all its Race of fabled Gods.

II.

But when amid the gentle Main  
A Troop of lovely Nymphs I view,  
I grow enamour'd with the Strain,  
And think the pleasing Fiction true.

III.

## III.

Not *Galatea* more cou'd please,  
Whose Charms the *Cyclops* did \* transport:  
Nor the fam'd *Venus* of the Seas:  
Nor *Thetis* with her num'rous Court.

## IV.

Here no indecent Sight allures  
The bold Access of lewder Eyes,  
A spreading Vest the Nymph secures,  
And every prying Glance defies.

## V.

So pure the Fair, so bright their Mien,  
That 'mid the lovely Band Divine  
With Pride *Lucretia* might be seen,  
And Vestal Maids unblushing join.

## VI.

Rash Gazer, let thy Eyes beware,  
Nor, O, too curiously presume,  
Fly from the Nymphs, *Diana's* Care,  
Or dread *Aetæon's* fatal Doom.]

\* *Ovid's Metam.* Lib. XIII.



*To Miss R — on the Point of MARRIAGE.*

 H! how I tremble for thy Virgin-Heart,  
 Lest Nature in thy Nuptials bear no Part;  
 A Match the Project of another's Mind,  
 Nor by thy Lover, nor thy self design'd!  
 Unknown and Strangers to each other's Name,  
 Int'rest anticipates th'uncertain Flame;

Say, had you met without the least Design,  
 Then, wou'd your Hearts with one Accord incline?  
 Had the warm Paffion kindled in his Breast,  
 Demanding you alone to make him bless'd?  
 Then, had you singl'd him from all you knew,  
 By Nature's Dictate ever just and true?  
 And he by like Attraction pitch'd on you? }

Better if artless Love unsought arise,  
 And the soft Fire invade with sweet Surprize;  
 Where Souls spontaneous to each other join,  
 Allur'd and drawn by Accident Divine.

Where

If to their Wishes Fate permit Success,  
That Pair shall ev'ry human Joy possess ;  
Shall in themselves an ample Treasure find,  
To crown their Days with Bliss, and fill the Mind.

Marriage is Union for remaining Life,  
You fix for ever when commenc'd a Wife ;  
You mingle Joys and Griefs with One alone ;  
You blend your Souls and risque your Fates in One.  
Fortune, to which the Choice is oft' confin'd,  
Is but a Part, nor is it of the *Mind*.

I lov'd thee well, with Tenderness extreme,  
My Love was Nature's Offspring, not a Scheme.  
My Muse shou'd ever sooth thy gentle Air,  
And place Thee with the World's distinguish'd Fair :  
To latest Times convey thy shining Name,  
And give thy Merit its Reward of Fame.  
Once didst thou favour her ambitious Strains,  
And sweetly smiling recompence her Pains.  
Thy Smiles peculiar fed my fond Desire,  
And bid me to the glorious Hope aspire.

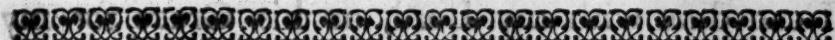
So long thy beauteous Person I survey'd,  
So much thy Mind my pleasing Study made :

Thy

So oft' I've gaz'd with Love's attentive Eye,  
And rais'd my Paffion and Esteem so high,  
So deep explor'd the Virtues of thy Breast,  
In private Hours of Conversation bless'd:  
A thousand nameless Graces have I seen,  
From latent Sources rising o'er thy Mien,  
Which scarce shall glimmer to another's Sight,  
Or in his diff'rent Thought inspire Delight.  
Judgment and Taste, and Nature's strong Controul,  
To all thy Charms subdu'd my Captive Soul.  
Another loves Thee by a Friend's Advice,  
Nor on thy Worth can fix so just a Price;  
But takes You, in the common Forms of Life,  
His Houshold Guardian, and commodious Wife.



On



*On the Elegant Entertainment and mix'd  
Company at the Ordinaries.*



HEN each Morn at the Wells we've  
our Draughts done repeating,  
And our Heads are more set on fine  
Sports and fine Eating,  
While poor Bards with itinerant *Hamlets* and  
*Cato's* ~~enlist~~ ~~enlist~~ ~~enlist~~  
Take an Ale-House Collation on Beef and Potatoes,  
With the Fumes of thick Ale their flagg'd Muses  
inspiring,  
And the dull Verse they read are themselves most  
admiring :  
Or with Footmen and Tarrs quaff hot Clouds of  
Mundungus,  
(Wou'd the Sot was well whipt brought the Weed  
first among us !)  
Let me put in my Lot at the *Globe*, or *New Inn*,  
Where the brightest Assemblies of Ladies are seen:

Hére

Here on ten modish Dishes, or more to a filling,  
I can dine with my Lord, or his Grace for my  
Shilling;

Where Ladies and Beaus mingl'd all in a Row,  
At the same pretty Sport make a Raree fine Show.  
Without rude Distinction, all huddle together,  
Young, old, handsome, ugly, there's no chusing  
whether.

Then soon as from Table the Dinner re-passes,  
The Bottle goes round, and we toast in full Glasses.  
According to Custom whose Word is a Law,  
The first Glass you take, you dilute it with Spaw:  
Then we club for the Wine, and to finish the Jest,  
Each fair Nymph pays her Quota as free as the rest.  
We soon grow acquainted, familiar and hearty,  
*And lose in good Humours the ill ones of Party.*  
No intricate whisper, no Prude Affectation:  
We drink, and we prattle in free Conversation,  
Smile round on each other, look pleasant and gay,  
Till we chuse new Diversions,—a Walk or the Play.



\* \* \* \* \*

and still all the warm blood

## A RIDDLE by Mr. P——s.



O you, the Ladies fair, I deign to write,  
For knowing me, you'll bring my  
Name to Light,

When I my form and Character dif-  
close,

Which secret are, tho' not beneath the Rose ;  
But this, I'll say, that near your Hearts I lurk,  
When at Quadrille you play, or sit at Work :  
Fishes and Birds and Beasts and Plants agree  
In one united Mass to model me :  
Nay what's more strange ! proud Man will face  
the Storm

To fetch Materials to enlarge my Form ;  
And all the Pomp of Show and Luxury,  
When e'er begun, still terminate in me.

Soon as the wakeful Watchman takes his Round,  
In mighty Pomp my nuptial Rites are crown'd :  
Tho' you'll say Marriage needless is to me,  
When Virgins, Widows, Wives and all agree

F

To

To take me to their Beds each Winter's Night,  
 And seldom part with me till Morning Light.  
 The Butchers hold me while they slay their Beasts,  
 And Prelates take me to their Holy Feasts.

In Publick and in Private I attend:

Nay many Hours with the King I spend,  
 And yet am no Man's Foe, nor no Man's Friend.

*Pulteney* and *Walpole* I alike regard,  
 Just as my Temper is or soft or hard.

I cancel Faults in Prose or Poetry,

And Laureat *Cibber* always writes for me.

But, Ladies, now I'll close the wondrous Tale,

And leave for you the Secret to reveal;

Then smell me out, tho' I'm a Knight of Fame,

My Modesty won't let me tell my Name.



On the polite Assembly, the Ball and other  
 Recreations at the Long Room. By

Mr. D.



HERE the high Cliff displays its tow'-  
 ring Crown,

And from its steep Ascent o'er looks the

Town;

A

A spacious Building, fair, in modern Pride  
Lifts its high Roof and spreads a Compass wide,  
From whence at Times our pleasant Steps we bend,  
And to the Wells with gradual Peace descend.  
From the tall Windows here the Seated Train  
Survey for num'rous Leagues th'extending Main ;  
In easy Converse breathe the fanning Gale,  
And far review the passing Vessels sail.

When Day no more her cheering Light supplies,  
And the sweet Prospects leave our wearied Eyes,  
We turn and view the full illumin'd Room,  
Where Rows of pendant Lights disperse the Gloom.  
A Scene of new Delight the Fancy cheers,  
And all the Splendour of a Court appears :  
On ev'ry Side engaging Objects press,  
The Charms of Beauty and the Pride of Dres.

Now, warbling sweet, the Notes of Musick flow,  
And sprightly Pairs compose a lengthen'd Row ;  
Brisk to the Strains their easy Steps advance,  
And form the Figures of the artful Dance.  
In mazy Turnings now they far disjoin ;  
Now Hand with Hand, in nearer League, combine;

By Turns move downward, and by Turns ascend,  
Till to their Place return'd the Measures End.

Some in expensive Play the Side-Rooms fill,  
And Parties form at Ombre or Quadrille,  
The Pharo visit, or the Billiards ply,  
Or run the Venture of the uncertain Die:

Thus each as Chance or Choice directs his Way,  
His Mind amuzes and diverts the Day.



H Y M N to HESPERUS from  
D. HEINSIUS. By Mr. PRICE.



HEE, *Hesperus*, the silent Orbs obey,  
Thee, *Venus*, ever young and ever gay,  
Crowns with her Love, and ravish'd  
sees from far

The Golden Glories of thy flaming Star.

'Tis only thou of all the shining Train,  
That spread their Lustre o'er the waving Main,  
Who rising from the Chambers of the Morn,  
Dost with thy own bright Beams the Dawning  
Day adorn.

By

By Thee inspir'd, again the blooming Boy  
Courts the kind Nymph to let him taste the Joy:  
The vanquish'd Nymph extends her op'ning Arms,  
And his is all her Soul, and all her Charms.  
Thou see'st the Liberties they take and give;  
How blest were I, cou'd I but like 'em live!  
To thee the Maid reveals her inmost Heart;  
When first she feels the God's resistless Dart,  
When first her Tears run trickling o'er her Face,  
And tempt the Youth to melt in her Embrace.  
When Night approaches, and the genial Hour,  
Thou then art Witness to the fond Amour;  
And under thy Protection *Cupid's Care*  
Seals the soft League, and joins th'enamour'd Pair.  
He too is Happy; and to him 'tis giv'n,  
To guard the fairest, brightest Queen in Heav'n,  
Her tender Kisses, and her wanton Wiles,  
Her am'rous Language, and persuasive Smiles,  
Her beauteous Blushes, and her frequent Sighs  
Delight thy list'ning Ears, and fix thy roving Eyes.  
Thy unexhausted Splendors blaze above,  
And gild the glitt'ring Courts of thund'ring *Jove*,  
Thy glaring Rays with equal Speed pursue,  
And keep the flying Deities in View,

When,

When, hot with Lust, they wing their Way to  
 Earth,  
 And press the lovely Dames of mortal Birth.  
 Pleas'd at thy Sight, the Virgin finds Relief  
 From ev'ry Woe, and bids adieu to Grief,  
 Till on the Couch she leans her sleepless Head,  
 And thinks of nothing but the Bridal Bed.  
 What, tho' her Shrieks proclaim her mighty Fear,  
 When to her Side the welcome Swain draws near?  
 'Tis all Dissimulation, all Deceit,  
 Soon is she seen to pant beneath his Weight,  
 Soon from her Waste she plucks the circling Zone,  
 And sacred is the Gift to thee alone.  
 O! may'st thou constant to my Wishes rise,  
 And burn with brighter Flames thro' half the Skies,  
 While swift I seek the Damsel I adore:  
 Be the dear Creature mine; I ask no more.



To Mr. POPE. By Mr. PRICE.



FT have I wish'd, whene'er with kind-  
 ling Thought  
 I view'd the wondrous *Iliad*, Homer wrote,  
 That

That some great Genius, whose distinguish'd Name  
Shall share with *Addison's* an equal Fame,  
Wou'd sing the Wrath of *Peleus'* haughty Son,  
And finish that which *Dryden* had begun.  
But when I see what num'rous Beauties shine  
In ev'ry chosen Word, in ev'ry nervous Line ;  
How the bold Bard, impetuous wings his Way  
From this low World to distant Realms of Day ;  
I gaze in Silence on th'exalted Strain,  
And conscious think that I shall wish in vain.  
For who in bounded Verse and measur'd Rhimes  
Can tell the glorious Deeds of ancient Times ?  
Can paint the Gods descending from above ?  
Or pierce, like him, the dark Decrees of *Jove* ?

And yet how clearly have thy Lines display'd  
*Pelides* mourning for the ravish'd Maid ?  
How is his Grief augmented by the Blow,  
That sends *Patroclus* to the Shades below ?  
When with her Heav'nly Armour *Thetis* stands,  
And drops the radiant Burden from her Hands,  
Astonish'd, back we shrink, with dread Surprise,  
And from the broad Effulgence turn our Eyes !

Strait

Strait the mad Youth his Fate-full Javelin weilds,  
 And slaughter'd Heroes groan thro' all the Fields:  
 Strait the pale *Trojans* skulk behind the Walls,  
 And *Priam* grieves, and hapless *Hector* falls.

Long had th'immortal Work of *Homer* lain  
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by a servile Train  
 Of groveling Pedants, whose unhallow'd Rage  
 Perplex'd and darken'd ev'ry shining Page.  
 But now at Length, thro' your officious Cares,  
 Divinely bright, the genuine Greek appears:  
 To him the Laurels you again restore,  
 Which by Translators he had lost before.

In this the Fav'rites of the Nine have fail'd ;  
 This mighty Toil o'er learned *Hobbes* prevail'd :  
*Dryden* this Task alone cou'd ne'er subdue ;  
 Yet we behold it now perform'd by you :  
 You then let ev'ry grateful *Briton* praise,  
 And deck your Temples with immortal Bays.



Sapphic



SAPPHIC *Verses to his absent Mistress.*  
By Mr. W.



H how tedious is the Day!  
While my Love's so far away!  
Speed my dearest thy Return,  
That my Eyes may leave to mourn:

Nought my glooming Soul can cheer,  
But the Presence of my Dear:  
Haste and let thy Looks disclose,  
That thy Soul with Fondness glows,  
Take me sighing to thy Breast,  
Sooth my am'rous Soul to rest,  
On thy Bosom hear me swear,  
That thy Absence is Despair,  
That thy Presence cheering seems,  
As the Sun's returning Beams,  
To those dreary Regions, where  
Darkness reigns for half the Year.

On thy Breast my Head recline,  
Press thy lovely Cheek to mine,  
Then in softest Terms impart  
All thy fondly-faithful Heart,

G

Vow

Vow, that tho' so long remov'd,  
 Never Nymph so truly lov'd,  
 That all was gloomy, all unpleasant,  
 But when Thoughts of me were present:  
 Rightly sure my Thoughts divine,  
 And thy Soul accords with mine,  
 For to me the Light of Heav'n,  
 Without thee is vainly giv'n ;  
 No Delight the Seasons bring,  
 Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,  
 All is Darkness, all is drear,  
 Cold and dead without my Dear,  
 Daily, hourly, sleeping, waking,  
 Without thee my Heart is breaking.



DAMON and DELIA. By Mr. C.



LAST Night with *Delia* in the shady  
 Grove  
 I heard young *Damon*, (and the Theme  
 was Love.)

The gen'rous Youth lean'd on her panting Breast,  
 And thus in Words like these his Vows exprest,  
1707  
*Delia!*

*Delia!* my Dear! by ev'ry Pow'r above,  
 Gay *Venus*, bright *Apollo*, thundring *Jove*,  
 To thee I swear, not all the World can give,  
 Shall ever bribe me to be false, and live.

Oft' have I gaz'd on *Lydia's* blooming Charms,  
 And trembling rush'd with Transport to her Arms:  
 But now the shining Maid can please no more;  
 For, *Delia!* thou art Heav'n, and I adore :  
 He spoke, the Damsel with a Smile approv'd ;  
 And unexperienc'd *Damon* thought she lov'd.  
 Mistaken Boy! —she springs out of thy Arms,  
 And to *Alexis* opens all her Charms.



### SCARBOROUGH-SPAWE, A SONG.

---

To the Tune of *Tweed Side*.

---

#### I.



*Spaw!*

L L Nature was smiling and gay,  
 When first my sweet *Nancy* I saw ;  
 How swiftly the Hours wing'd away,  
 How pleasant was *Scarb'rough-*

G 2

But

But since the soft Charmer is gone,  
 No ravishing Comforts remain ;  
 The Moments drag heavily on,  
 And Scarborough now gives me Pain.

## II.

When she bath'd I have seen the Salt Wave  
 Seem eager the Fair-One to meet ;  
 Each wantonly strove, which shou'd have  
 The Pleasure of kissing her Feet.  
 But now the Sea, sullen and rough,  
 In Murmurs retires from the Shore,  
 Ye Waves you've had Pleasure enough,  
 In clasping the Nymph I adore.

## III.

When the Dances went swimmingly round,  
 How nimbly the Fair tript along !  
 What Harmony rose from the Sound,  
 When she clear'd the *Long-Room* with a Song !  
 But now no Delight I can find,  
 In Dancing or Music so sweet ;  
 Gay Vipont's but wakes in my Mind,  
 Soft Transports I ne'er must repeat.

## IV.

How nimbly the happy Time flew !  
 A Month seem'd no more than a Day.

O why,

O why, since I lov'd her so true,  
Was I forc'd from my Angel away!  
Yet adieu! to complain I forbear,  
Since she's promis'd me not to forget.  
Gay Vipont's, recalls with a Tear,  
Soft transports we ne'er must repeat.



### DAMON, or the Unhappy Lover.

By Mr. R.



OW melting was the Sound when *Lu-*  
*cia* spoke!  
How exquisite her Mien! How fond  
her Look!

The tender Glances of her Eyes did shew,  
That with Success I might fair *Lucia* woe,  
Tho' from the Throng the Nymph her Blush  
wou'd hide,

Yet smiling said to *Damon*, —*walk aside* ;  
Then turn'd away lest *Cupid* might ensnare,  
And raise soft Blushes in the charming Fair,  
Bright Miracle of Truth! to whom kind Heaven  
Has various Proofs of its Affection given:

In

In her, bright Wit and Innocence are twin'd  
 With all the Sweetness of the Female Kind.  
 When *Cupid* draws his Bow, do you neglect  
 To pay to *Venus*' Son a due Respect?  
 O thrice unhappy Swain! not to improve  
 So fair an Offer of the God of Love.



*The Scarborough Reformation, A SONG.*  
*By Mr. B.*

*On seeing several Stars and Garters at the Quaker's  
 Meeting-House there.*

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To the Tune of  
*There was a young Grocer of London-Town.*

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## I.



AVE You heard in the North  
 Of a strange Holding forth,  
 That was made to ten Peers of the  
 Nation,

How they left Mother Church  
 On a Time in the Lurch,

To receive Sister Ruth's Consolation? Fall, &c.

## II.

## II.

Cause the Way was too streight,\*

Nor much us'd by the Great;

They resolv'd on't for once not to stickle,

But to shun Sabbath breaking,

Wou'd e'en go a Quaking

With our Friends of the Conventicle.

*Fall de rall, &c.*

## III.

The Brethren with Fear

Saw their Lordships appear,

And the Vision began to deplore,

The *very Man of Sin*

They thought entring in,

And the Beast with ten Horns at the Door.

*Fall de rall, &c.*

## III.

But how Folks may mistake,

When but scarcely awake ;

For instead of this Son of Perdition,

\* Scarborough-Church is seated on the Top of a Hill, which makes it somewhat difficult of Access.

And

And these Horns of ten Rams,

Lo ten Lords meek as Lambs

All were seated in gentle Condition.

*Fall de rall, &c.*

V.

Then for Joy as Fame tells,

Tho' they hate Romish Bells,

Yet to welcome these Proselite Peers,

In a Clamour of Zeal

They rung up such a Peal,

As my Lords felt on both Sides their Ears.

*Fall de rall, &c.*

VI.

Had they all been converted

Before they departed,

And to Town had hoy'd away strait,

What a World of each Sort

Wou'd have posted to Court,

To have view'd the odd Change in the State.

*Fall de rall, &c.*

VII.

When (instead of blue Garters)

With Coats plain as Martyrs,

And plaited Cravats, lilly-white,

They

They had stood to be seen  
 By our King and his Queen,  
 On a Ball or a Drawing Room Night.

*Fall de rall, &c.*



*On the Virtues of Scarborough-Spaw Wa-  
 ter, and the Humours of DICKEY.*

*By Mr. D — k.*

### I.



H E N vernal Airs a Fragrance bring  
 From ev'ry Blossom of the Spring,  
 When Birds rejoice on ev'ry Spray,  
 And all the Face of Nature's gay;

### II.

Then give your Sorrows to the Wind,  
 Leave ev'ry irksome Thought behind,  
 And haste to *Scarbro'*, blissful Scene!  
 Dispersing Vapours, Hyp and Spleen.

### III.

Thy Waters, *Scarbro'*, quickly chace  
 The Paleness from the Virgin's Face,  
 New paint her Cheek, new point her Eye,  
 And raise again the Lover's Sigh.

H

IV.

## IV.

If Nature to the wedded Fair,  
 Denies the Blessing of an Heir,  
 These Waters shall her Cares remove,  
 And crown the pleasing Toils of Love.

## V.

The Husband dead to Beauty's Charms,  
 Whom the fair Wife but faintly warms,  
 Shall find his former Fires return,  
 And with recruited Vigour burn.

## VI.

Ye hapless Youth, who pine with Ills,  
 Nor find Relief from —'s Pills,  
 These Draughts shall all your Pains remove,  
 And bid you live again, and love.

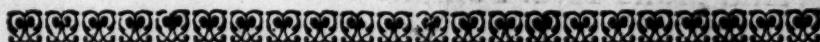
## VII.

These cure Disease of ev'ry Kind,  
 Of Fancy, Body, or of Mind,  
 Infallible in ev'ry Evil,  
 As holy Water drives the Devil.

## VIII

To Scarbro' haste from various Regions,  
 And pay to Dickey due Allegiance,  
 To view so odly form'd a Creature,  
 To note his Limbs and ev'ry Feature,

And hear him jokeing at the Spring,  
While you his Subjects Tribute bring.  
This, with the Waters you are quaffing,  
Will make you — yourselves with laughing.



*On seeing a LADY reading The Platonick  
Lovers, in the Bookseller's Shop.*

By Mr. B.

I.



Latonic! — leave that stale Concern,  
A Work design'd for Sages,  
What can young blooming Beauty learn  
From such cold musty Pages?

II.

Fav'rite of wrinkled Nymphs decay'd ;  
(Tho' Strephon's Name's a Cover)  
\*Twas sure by Senefino made,  
That fam'd Platonic Lover.

III.

Oh! rather Ovid's Muse prefer,  
Whom all the Fair admire ;  
To kinder Nymphs your Charms transfer,  
Or take from them Love's Fire.

H 2

IV.

## IV.

In Bloom — a Toast — You Reverence feign  
 For Plato's ancient Fashion?  
 Despise Enjoyment at eighteen?  
 And praise Ideal Passion?

## V.

Coquet! — false Cards! and double Play; —  
 The Cheat we plain might view,  
 Shou'd Damon court the same dull Way,  
 And turn Platonic too.



*On seeing the Races and other Diversions  
 on the Sands.*



HERE the steep Cliffs precipitate de-  
 scend,  
 And to the Sea their Arms incircling bend,  
 At frequent Periods the receding Main  
 Leaves on the Sands a smooth and spacious Plain:  
 Here to the Wells the early Throng repair,  
 Quaff temperate Spaw, and breathe untainted Air:  
 In various Exercise the Morn they pass,  
 And briskly circulate the brackish Glass;

Here

Here the fill'd Chariots, here the Horsemen throng,  
Roll o'er the smooth Parterre, and scour along.

Now gay Diversions soon to Mirth invite,  
And wager'd Gold the Jockey's Hopes excite:  
Lo! where appearing with surpassing Grace,  
Two sprightly Courfers sally to the Race,  
Such as *Godolphin* enters at the Prize,  
Bred where th'aspiring Hills of *Cambridge* \* rise.  
At once they start, and measure fast the Strand,  
While scarce their swifter Hoofs imprint the Sand,  
Quick to the Goal with utmost Ardour prest,  
Step answ'ring Step they strain, and Breast with  
Breast,  
Like sportive Gales that o'er the Meadows pass,  
Curl the smooth Floods, and wave the yielding  
Grafs.

Next see two youthful Swains of equal Size,  
Well match'd, on Foot attempt th'inviting Prize;  
A shining Beaver lac'd with Trimmings gay  
Allures their Eyes; the Trophy of the Day.

\* *Gog-Magog* Hills.

Scarce can their Breasts the Thirst of Glory bear,  
Impatient each th'illustrious Badge to wear,  
Their Steps they briskly ply, by Turns prevail,  
Uncertain which will sink the doubtful Scale,  
Till Fate (who *Hobbinol's* fair Hopes deny'd)  
Unseen, his brawny Uncle slips aside,  
His Rival hastes, exulting at the Foil,  
And crowns his sweaty Temples with the Spoil;  
While *Hob* sore baffled, with regretful Soul,  
Disgrac'd, and slow, comes limping to the Goal.

Lo there! two Rural Nymphs the Sports renew,  
Straight is their Shape, and fresh their blooming  
Hue;

A Smock of finest *Holland*, high display'd,  
In Pomp awaits, to grace the Victor Maid,  
Like Roes they speed their Flight, or active Fawns,  
That nimbly frisk it o'er the level Lawns,  
When *Bumkinella*, whose unequall'd Pace,  
Had gain'd the fair Advantage of the Race,  
Too hasty, stumbled with unheeding Tread,  
And on the Plain her Length uncouthly spread.

Unhappy *Bumkinel!* whom Chance denies  
In the near Views of Hope to grasp the Prize.

All

All shout, while *Blouze* her haggard Pace repairs,  
And from the Goal the Spoil in Triumph bears.

Thus Sport to Sport, with various Rounds suc-  
ceeds,

And to fresh Scenes of Mirth the Concourse leads,  
Till *Neptune*, jealous of his Pow'r, remands  
With due Return the Tribute of the Sands :  
The delug'd Plains our Eyes survey no more,  
And Fish now sport, where Nymphs were seen  
before.

So in *Rome's Cirque*, where late the racing  
Steed

Was wont, as here, to urge his active Speed,  
With sudden Change th'amaz'd Spectator spy'd  
The Seas rush in, and Ships triumphant ride.



*A View from the Castle of SCARBOROUGH.*

N a huge Cliff, whose lofty Summit stands,  
The Pride and Bulwark of the *Northern*  
Lands,

A spacious Citadel in View appears,  
Now quite dismantled and subdu'd by Years,  
Its drooping Tow'rs afford an awful Sight,  
And mix with Dread the Gazer's large Delight :  
The shatter'd Battlements with Moss o'er-grown,  
The naked Portals and the mouldring Stone,  
A Length of silent Avenues we pass,  
Strew'd thick with Ruins and obscur'd with Grass,  
Within, wide Pastures form an ample Plain,  
And rising Springs their Free Enlargement gain:  
The fresh Remains of Strength and curious Art  
On ev'ry Side a pleasing View impart :  
The narrow Openings for the martial Bow  
To pour a wing'd Destruction on the Foe,  
A useless Weapon now, neglected grown  
Since the dread Cannons murd'ring Voice is  
known.

What

What solemn Musings seize the lab'ring Mind,  
When the still Walks my lonely Foot-steps find,  
Past Sieges I revolve and Battles fought,  
And run th'impressive Horrors back in Thought?  
Here let the Lover by the Moon-Light Shade  
Vent his loud Passion for th'unpitying Maid,  
While the big Echoes his Complaints resound:  
Perhaps his Fancy at the Midnight Hour  
Wakes the sad Genius of th'abandon'd Tow'r;  
Or paints some Youth by Love untimely lost;  
Or the griev'd Founder's discontented Ghost;]  
With rattling Chains the empty Chambers sound,  
While the huge glaring Phantom stalks around;  
Such Clouds the sick Imagination veil,  
And the Rout credit the delusive Tale.

Let me the tall-rais'd Battlement ascend,  
When the clear Skies a distant Prospect lend,  
A boundless Space the stretching Eye surveys,  
And Sense seems wilder'd in the pleasing Maze:  
Still fresh collected Charms the Sight acquires,  
Hills, Valleys, Groves remote and mingling Spires:

With sweet Confusion all perplex the View,  
Nor knows it where to fix, or what pursue.  
The imitating Hand wou'd well design  
This Landscape, and the Bard his Genius joyn,  
New Beauties shou'd round Thornbill's pencil  
Throng,  
And furnish Thomson with descriptive Song.

Now turn thy ravish'd Eyes to where the Main  
Interminably spreads a liquid Plain,  
A Field of Pleasure when the Sight descrys  
From the far Verge the first faint Sun-beams rise,  
On the blew Mirror they reflecting play,  
And Wave on Wave rolls fast the flooding Day.  
Here the fond Parent, who has just resign'd  
His only Care, for some far Coast design'd:  
When on the Bosom of th'embord'ring Shore,  
His following Eyes can trace the Bark no more,  
Climbs the steep Cliff, there haply to renew  
One fruitless Glance and snatch a parting View.

Here too Love oft directs th'expecting Maid,  
Whose Swain th'inconstant Seas have long delay'd,

Her

Her Eyes rove fast his wish'd Approach to hail,  
And watch the first Appearance of his Sail :  
But if fierce Winds the milder Ocean sweep,  
And roll the Billows of the threatening Deep,  
The dreaded Storm revives her louder Fears,  
Swells her sad Breast, and drowns her Sight in  
Tears.

Fam'd Pile of Wonders ! where, inspir'd, I soar,  
Ev'n *Pindus'* sacred Haunts delight no more :  
Gladly my Feet wou'd on thy Summits stay,  
And with thy endless Scenes amuse my Day ;  
Loath with th'unwilling Lark I quit thy Height,  
Yet stop and warble in my downward Flight,  
Till sad, I close beneath my drooping Wing,  
And, gloom'd with Earth's dull Scene, desist to  
sing.

*F I N I S.*



Just Publish'd

(With a curious Frontispiece of Dicky Dickinson,  
Governor of Scarborough Spaw.)

A JOURNEY from London to Scarborough, in several Letters from a Gentleman there to his Friend in London.

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